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The Professor of Love

BY
KATHARINE KAVANAUGH



SERGEL'S ACTING DRAMA

No. 633

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The Professor of Love

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

BY

KATHARINE KAVANAUGH

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THE PROFESSOR OF LOVE

A Comedy

by

KATHARINE KAVANAUGH.

CAST.

PROFESSOR FAIRCHILD, inventor of the Affection Adjuster.

MARION FAIRCHILD, his daughter.

BETTY, the maid.

MRS. MARTIN, the housekeeper.

JOHNNIE JONES, the ice-man.

NEIL DACEY, the book-agent.

COSTUMES.

Professor Fairchild is an elderly gentleman of the student type, gray haired, smooth face, and wearing plain dark clothes.

Marion Fairchild is a girl of twenty, wears a becoming summer gown.

Betty is a girl of eighteen or twenty, wears the typical maid's costume of black dress, white apron and cap.

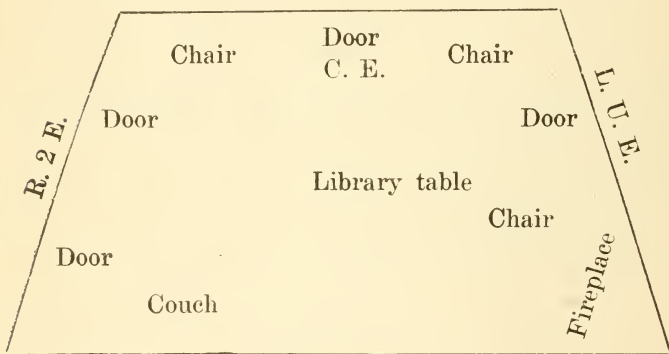
Mrs. Martin is a woman of fifty, very neat and nice looking. Wears some simple gown suitable for a woman of fifty.

Johnnie Jones is a well-built young man of twenty-five or twenty-six. Wears ordinary shirt and trousers; a soft hat on back of his head; his shirt sleeves rolled up, ice-tongs in his hand.

Neil Dacey, a good-looking young man of twenty-five or so. Wears a neat business suit and straw hat. Has a sample case of bookbindings such as book-agents carry.

STAGE SETTING.

Interior backing



PROPERTIES.

Library table, three mission or upholstered chairs and a couch. Books and writing utensils on table. Two or three good engravings for wall. Handsome floor rug. A framed photograph on table. Ice-tongs for Johnnie Jones; a sample case of books for Neil Dacey; a coat for the Professor.

The Professor of Love

SCENE: *Library in home of Professor Fairchild. Room is nicely furnished. (See plot for stage setting.) Practical door L. U. E., Center and R. 2 E., center entrance showing interior drop in back. On the wall are a few good pictures. A few papers and books on table, also a framed photograph. At rise, enter BETTY, L. U. E., comes on stealthily as if she were afraid of being caught. Crosses quickly to door R. 2, and listens at keyhole.*

BETTY. It's still buzzin'. I wonder what the master has got in there. He's always inventin' something and he always tells us about it, but this one he hasn't said a word about, and he won't let anybody in the room where it is. May be it's some infernal machine that'll blow us up in the middle of the night. I couldn't sleep last night for thinkin' of it. He thinks nobody has seen it, but I have. I found a key that fitted and peeped in yesterday morning. It was buzzin' and buzzin' away just like it is now. I put my finger on it, and s-s-s, it blew up in my face like that; a spark like from the fire. I tell you I beat it to my room scared to death. I've been feelin' funny ever since. [*Begins to peep through keyhole of door.*]

[*Enter PROFESSOR, C. He sees BETTY at the keyhole.*]

PROFESSOR. Betty!

BETTY. [*Almost falls backward*]. Oh, Lord!

PROFESSOR. What are you doing there?

BETTY. Me, sir? Why, I was only—only—

PROFESSOR. Only peeping again. It's getting to be a habit with you, Betty.

BETTY. Well, sir, when there's an infernal machine in the house you can't blame a poor girl for gettin' nervous, sir. [*Touches apron to her eyes.*]

PROFESSOR. How do you know there is a machine in that room?

BETTY. Why, sir, I—I—

PROFESSOR. Well?

BETTY. I found a key, sir, and went in yesterday.

PROFESSOR. What! Tell me, quick, did you touch that machine?

BETTY. Y—yes, sir, I put my finger on it, and, oh, sir, it blew up in my face, just like that—s-s-st!

PROFESSOR. My poor Betty! Poor girl!

BETTY. Oh, sir, what's the matter—what have I done? Oh, Professor, what's going to happen to me—I ain't goin' to die, am I? Tell me I ain't goin' to die.

PROFESSOR. No, Betty, you are not going to die; but you are going to fall in love.

BETTY [*Surprised*]. What! Fall in love? Me? Who with, sir?

PROFESSOR. There's the trouble. There's no telling who you will fall in love with. That instrument is an invention of mine which I call "The Adjuster of Affections." Betty, you may not have heard it before, but many people believe that for every man and woman born into this world there is a kindred soul somewhere; the other half of us, as it were; a real soul-mate that belongs only to us, that was intended for us from the beginning of things. An affinity. Those who have been fortunate enough to meet their true mates have been made happy

beyond all their dreams; those who have not been so fortunate have been made miserable, either by living dreary, lonely lives or mating with someone not in accord with them. Do you understand me, Betty?

BETTY. I am trying to, sir.

PROFESSOR. May be you can understand this: When you touched that instrument in there you sent a spark out into the world that went straight to the heart of your mate, the one God intended for you. No matter where he is, what he is, or what he is doing, he will have to come to you. He won't understand why he is doing it, but he will come.

BETTY. Oh, sir, I wonder who he can be?

PROFESSOR. Goodness only knows, child.

BETTY. May be he's a millionaire, or a duke, or somethin'.

PROFESSOR. His station in life doesn't matter. If he is a king, he must come.

BETTY. A king! Oh, no, Professor, I'd be satisfied with a duke—I ain't proud, or nothin' like that; a duke is all I'd ask for.

PROFESSOR. Let us hope for the best, Betty. Now, run along and send Mrs. Martin to me. I must warn the household to keep away from that room.

BETTY. Yes, sir, I'll send Mrs. Martin at once, sir. Oh, Lord, Professor—just think of it—a duke. [*Going up C.*] You had better be lookin' for another maid, sir, because it wouldn't be right for a dukess to wait on the table. [*Exits L. U. E. very airily.*]

PROFESSOR. Silly child. Well, I may be thankful it wasn't my daughter—my dear Marion—who had touched the thing. I have my own plans for *her*, which that instrument must not interfere with. The son of my

dearest friend. [*Takes up photograph from table, looks at it.*] My old chum, John Dacey. Your wish shall be carried out, Jack, old man. Your son shall wed my daughter. [*Puts photograph back.*]

[*Enter MRS. MARTIN, L. U. E.; comes center of stage.*]

MRS. MARTIN. You wished to speak to me, sir?

PROFESSOR. Yes, Mrs. Martin. I want to make a request of you. I have locked the door to this room [*Indicating R. 2 E.*], and I wish it to stay locked until further orders. No one—you understand—no one must enter that room.

MRS. MARTIN. Very well, sir, I will give orders to that effect. I myself was in there this morning.

PROFESSOR. You were? How did you get in? I have the key myself.

MRS. MARTIN. There is a duplicate key to all the rooms on my key-ring. I heard that peculiar buzzing noise, sir, and I went in to find out if anything was wrong.

PROFESSOR. The machine—the instrument on the table—did you touch it?

MRS. MARTIN. Yes, sir, I dusted it.

PROFESSOR [*His hands in his hair*]. DUSTED IT! Mrs. Martin, I know you are an excellent housekeeper, but if you ever get to Heaven, I'm sure you'll dust the harps every Tuesday. What happened—did you touch it with your hand?

MRS. MARTIN. Why, yes; a spark flew up into my face.

PROFESSOR. [*Takes her hand.*] My poor woman. You're done for.

MRS. MARTIN. Why—what is the matter—what have I done?

PROFESSOR. Mrs. Martin, was your late husband good to you?

MRS. MARTIN. Well, he was nothing to brag about. We were not suited to each other.

PROFESSOR. My dear lady, you are going to fall in love with some one soon. Your real soul-mate will come to you and ask you to marry him. As you value your happiness, don't refuse.

MRS. MARTIN. Why, Professor, what ails you? Aren't you feeling well?

PROFESSOR. I am perfectly sane, Madam. When you touched that instrument you sent out a spark in search of your affinity. He will come to you, as sure as fate.

MRS. MARTIN. But, sir, I wouldn't leave my position here for the best man in the land. You don't realize how happy I've been in this house. You have been so good to me, and Miss Marion, God bless her, is the dearest girl in the world. You don't know how I love you both.

PROFESSOR. [*Takes MRS. MARTIN'S hand.*] We don't want to lose you, Mrs. Martin. I have been a widower for a good many years; my little girl has been motherless a long time; but you have never let us feel the loss, as far as it lay in your power. [*Turns from her.*] I'm sorry I ever invented the cursed thing.

MRS. MARTIN. I don't mean to say anything against your wonderful inventions, Professor. I know that many of them have been quite successful and remarkable. But if you think that fussy little machine in there is going to make me leave you and Marion, you're very much mistaken. I shall never leave you, unless you send me away.

PROFESSOR. That I will never do, Mrs. Martin. It

will be a lonely day for us when you leave this house. Please send Marion to me. I must, at least, protect her from the influence of my latest invention.

MRS. MARTIN [*Going off L. U. E.*]. Yes, sir, I'll send her to you at once. [*Exit L. U. E.*]

PROFESSOR. What a good woman. How self-sacrificing and thoughtful she is for the happiness of others, and she has had so little of her own. That isn't fair. Every woman ought to have her share of happiness. God made them for happiness, and yet, how many of them live out their lives in loneliness and sorrow. It isn't right. There is something wrong somewhere.

[*Enter MARION, C. E. Has a tennis racket in her hand.*]

MARION. Did you want me, Father?

PROFESSOR. Yes, dear. I sent Mrs. Martin for you.

MARION. I was out on the lawn, practising; she called from the window. What's up, Daddy? Have I been into any mischief this time?

PROFESSOR. Not that I'm aware of, Miss. I simply wanted to warn you not to touch my new invention in the other room.

MARION. What, that funny little thing-a-ma-bob that keeps buzzing all the time?

PROFESSOR. Exactly.

MARION. Why, Dad, I had that all apart and put it together again.

PROFESSOR. *What!*

MARION. Sure. I wanted to see what made the funny noise.

PROFESSOR. When was this?

MARION. Yesterday morning.

PROFESSOR. Was there a spark?

MARION. Several of them.

PROFESSOR. My child, you have wrought your own ruin.

MARION. Good gracious, Daddy, it's nothing very serious, is it?

PROFESSOR. So serious that it is likely to interfere with my plans for your future. Marion, that instrument is an adjuster of affections.

MARION. What is that—a new breakfast food?

PROFESSOR. If you realized what it meant to you, you wouldn't joke about it. The spark that you sent out yesterday went straight to the heart of the man that Fate intended for you, and it will bring him to you, no matter where he is, or what he is.

MARION. Good gracious, Daddy, who do you suppose it can be?

PROFESSOR. We can only hope for the best. I trust he is a gentleman.

MARION. Well, if he isn't, I won't marry him.

PROFESSOR. You won't be able to help yourself. You will go straight into his arms as soon as he says "come."

MARION. Oh, my goodness, Daddy, suppose he's a Turk, or something like that. Won't it be awful!

PROFESSOR. This is a sad blow to me, Marion. I always intended you for the son of my old chum, John Dacey. It has been my life-long wish, and his, too.

MARION. Well, I must say the son hasn't been very anxious. He has never taken the trouble to look me up even. As for me, I haven't the least idea of what he looks like.

PROFESSOR. Yes, unfortunately we haven't been able to bring you two together. Neil has been in Europe most of the time since he left college, but now that he is home

I had hoped to bring about a meeting. It is all too late now, however. You'll have to take what Fate has in store for you.

MARION. Is the son of your old chum good looking, Daddy?

PROFESSOR. I haven't seen him for some years; but if he has grown up anything like his father, he's all right.

MARION. Oh, shucks! I'm not going to allow that foolish thing to bother me. Come out on the lawn, Dad, and have a game of tennis with me. [*Takes his hand, leading him toward center door.*]

PROFESSOR. My dear, my tennis days are over—I'm too old—

MARION [*Laughing and drawing him off*]. Nonsense. You're getting younger and handsomer every day you live. Come along. [*Exit, taking the PROFESSOR with her. C. E.*]

BETTY. [*Enters, L. U. E.*] A duke! Just fancy that! Oh, and I know he'll be handsome and rich and elegant! Oh! I feel just like the herring in a love story. My mother never dreamed she'd live to see me a duk-ess.

[*Enter JOHNNIE JONES, the ice-man, with a pair of tongs in his hand, his soft hat on the back of his head, his sleeves rolled up above the elbows.*]

JOHNNIE. Say, won't somebody come back and tell me where to put de ice? Der ain't nobody in de kitchen, and I never was here before.

BETTY. [*Turns at sound of his voice.*] Good gracious, you're not our regular ice-man.

JOHNNIE. I know I ain't. Dat cull was sick today, and I had to come in his place. Are you woikin' here?

BETTY. Am I workin' here? Do I look like the lady of the house?

JOHNNIE. You look pretty good to *me*. Say, if I was wise to de fact dat dere was anything like you around here, I'd been on the job before this. You're a queen.

BETTY. Not yet. But there's no tellin'. You're pretty fresh, aren't you.

JOHNNIE. Well, you can't blame a fellow for losin' his head when he gets a peep at anything as pretty as you are. [*Puts ice tongs in corner.*] Say, come on over and melt a little bit, will you?

BETTY. I will not.

JOHNNIE. All right. Den I'll come over to you. [*Crosses to BETTY and puts his arm around her.*] Say, you're the candy all right, all right.

BETTY [*Indignantly*]. You take your arm away. Nobody has ever done that before.

JOHNNIE. Is that so? You poor kid; how lonesome you must have been. Say, kid, I'm on de level. Honest, as soon as I spied you, me heart took a tumble-salt all to itself. I says, Johnnie, here's what you've been waitin' for; go to it! Say, honey, I got a dandy job, and a nice little home all fixed up, just me and me mudder: all it wants is somethin' pretty to brighten it up. What do you say? Will you take a chance, huh? [*Keeps his arm around her waist.*]

BETTY. [*Looks at him.*] I never saw you before in all my life; I don't even know what your name is, but there's something in here [*Her hand over her heart*] that wants you, and nobody else in all the world. [*Lays her head on JOHNNIE'S shoulder.*]

JOHNNIE [*Heaving a sigh*]. Gee, ain't dat great! Why, kid, I bin lovin' you all my life, and didn't know where to find you. What's your name?

BETTY. Betty Johnson. What's yours?

JOHNNIE. Johnnie Jones. Say, ain't dere a shady nook somewheres around here where I can tell you how much I love you?

BETTY. It's my afternoon off, Johnnie. Let's go to the park. [*They exit C., his arm still about her. Going off, BETTY is saying*] And you're only the ice-man. The least I expected was a duke!

[*Enter MRS. MARTIN, L. U. E.*]

MRS. MARTIN. Betty! Where is the girl? Her head is so full of romance and nonsense that she isn't worth her salt.

[*Enter PROFESSOR, C., wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.*]

THE PROFESSOR. No, there's no use denying it, I'm getting too old for lawn tennis. Oh, Mrs. Martin, were you looking for me?

MRS. MARTIN. Yes, sir, I was about to send Betty to find you. There is a man at the back door, quite a nice looking young man, who wants to see you about books.

PROFESSOR. A book-agent. Lord deliver me. Send him away, Mrs. Martin. I won't see him.

MRS. MARTIN. Very well, sir. [*Turns toward L. U. E.*]

MARION. [*Enters, C.*]. What's the matter, Dad?

PROFESSOR. Only another book-agent. I'm tired seeing them. Besides, I don't want any more books. Send him away, please. [*Exit R. U. E.*]

MARION. Mrs. Martin.

MRS. MARTIN. Yes, dear.

MARION. Send him in. I want to see him.

MRS. MARTIN. But he'll make you subscribe for books, Miss Marion.

MARION. No he won't. It's very dull this afternoon. I haven't a thing to amuse me. I'll see this book-agent.

MRS. MARTIN. Very well, miss. [*Goes off L. U. E.*]

MARION. Oh, dear, I'm so restless and bored I don't know what to do. I think I'll have to hike Daddy off to some summer resort where I'll meet some young people.

[*Enter NEIL, carrying his sample case, which he places on floor; he holds his hat in his hand.*]

NEIL. I beg your pardon; I expected to see Professor Fairechild.

MARION. My father is engaged at present. What can I do for you?

NEIL. [*Puts his hat on table.*] Are you Miss Fairchild?

MARION. Yes.

NEIL. [*Crosses to her impetuously—then halts.*] Could I—er—show you some books?

MARION. If you like; but I warn you, you may waste your time. [*Sits on couch.*]

NEIL. [*Brings sample case and sits on couch beside MARION.*] I am only too willing. [*Takes out a book.*] I represent the Universe Publishing Company. This is one of their latest publications: "The Love Affairs of Great Men."

MARION. Are they any more interesting than the love affairs of ordinary men?

NEIL. Well, never having had one, I don't know; but I think love is always interesting and beautiful, don't you?

MARION. Yes, when it is true.

NEIL. Love must be true—otherwise it is not love. Don't you agree with me?

MARION. Yes; but then I am not an authority.

NEIL. Have you never loved?

MARION. [*Shakes her head.*] No.

NEIL. But men have loved you; they couldn't help it. [*Puts his hand on hers.*] Why, you're the kind of girl a fellow dreams about, but hardly hopes to find. I'm glad you've never loved a chap. [*Rising.*]

MARION. [*Rises.*] Glad? Why?

NEIL. Because I'm going to make you love *me*. You've got to, [*Takes her in his arms*] for I've wanted you all my life, and never knew what it was I was wanting. And now I've found you, and I'm going to keep you forever and forever.

MARION. Are you crazy? Let me go?

NEIL. Do you want to go, dear?

MARION. [*Looks up at him, then puts her head willingly on his shoulder.*] No, I don't. And I can't understand it.

NEIL. Neither can I, and I don't want to. I'm only too happy to have it so.

MARION. Oh, what will father say. He will be so disappointed. He had other plans for me.

NEIL. He can have no plans that I don't enter into, Marion.

MARION. Why, you know my name. I don't know yours.

NEIL. Mine is—

[*Enter PROFESSOR, R. U., sees NEIL, comes with outstretched hands.*]

PROFESSOR. Neil Dacey. The very likeness of your father. [*Shakes hands with NEIL.*]

MARION. Neil Dacey?

PROFESSOR. The son of my old chum, Marion. I'm so glad you two have met.

NEIL. [*Takes MARION's hand.*] So are we.

MARION. Why, Dad, he is the book-agent that you wouldn't see.

NEIL. [*Laughs.*] I'll have to confess, I see. You know, Professor, my dad warned me that I was to marry the daughter of his old friend, or nobody. Not knowing Marion, I balked at the idea and absolutely refused to be disposed of. But he was so set on it that yesterday morning I suddenly took a notion to make a trip here, and, without introducing myself, get a glimpse of Marion. I wanted to please the old dad if I could, but I positively wouldn't marry a girl I couldn't love. I'm not a book-agent; that was only a ruse to get in. I apologize for the trick, but I'm glad I came. I am head over heels in love with Marion and I want her as soon as you will give her to me. [*To MARION.*] Will you, Marion?

MARION. Will I—what? I haven't been properly proposed to yet.

NEIL. Professor, if you will excuse us, I think we can settle this little difficulty better alone. [*Puts his arm around MARION and leads her off C.*] I know it's rather short notice, dear, but I've waited so long, etc. [*Going off, his voice dies off gradually.*]

PROFESSOR. [*At C. E., looking after them.*] Well, well, and it has come. The thing we planned and plotted so many years ago. [*Comes down stage.*] I declare, I'm happy. [*Pauses to think.*] But it will rob me of my daughter—I never stopped to think of that. Ah, well, I must be content if she is happy. [*Sits at table, thinking.*]

[*Enter MRS. MARTIN, brings on a coat of the PROFESSOR'S.*]

MRS. MARTIN. Professor, the evening is getting chilly;

please put this heavier coat on; you will be catching a cold.

PROFESSOR. [*Rises, taking off his coat, and allowing MRS. MARTIN to put the other one on.*] You spoil me, Mrs. Martin. If I should ever lose you I wouldn't know how to take care of myself.

MRS. MARTIN. I'll never leave you, sir.

PROFESSOR. My daughter will be marrying some day soon; we shall be pretty much alone here.

MRS. MARTIN. I am glad she will marry, sir; it's the right life for a woman. All of us need some one to coddle and worry about, and if we haven't, we're like a fish out of water.

PROFESSOR. You are pretty much alone in the world, aren't you, Mrs. Martin?

MRS. MARTIN. I am entirely alone, sir.

PROFESSOR. So shall I be when my daughter leaves me for a home of her own. Would you think it silly of an old man if he asked you to marry him, Mrs. Martin?

MRS. MARTIN. Are you proposing to me, Professor?

PROFESSOR. I believe I am, Amelia.

MRS. MARTIN. Do you really want me, Cornelius?

PROFESSOR. Next to my daughter, I think more of you than anyone else in the world. [*Holds out his arms to her.*]

MRS. MARTIN. And I've loved you for years, Professor—I mean Cornelius. [*Goes to PROFESSOR, who folds his arms about her. They are down stage, R.*]

[*Enter MARION and NEIL, C. D., his arm still about her waist. Enter BETTY and JOHNNIE, L. U., arms about each other.*]

PROFESSOR [*Looking up and seeing the others*]. Why, what is all this, a matrimonial agency?

BETTY. [*Still in JOHNNIE'S arms.*] It's your infernal machine, sir.

MARION. Good gracious, I forgot; the Adjuster of Affections.

MRS. MARTIN. It has brought us together, just as you said it would.

PROFESSOR. My friends, you must give me a new title: Professor of Love.

MARION. [*Her arms around NEIL.*] Oh, Neil, dear, thank heaven you're not a Turk!

CURTAIN.

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AMY HALSTEAD, her sister, two years younger, fond of frolic...
INEZ GRAY, a young lady visitor, willing to share in the fun....
MRS. HALSTEAD, a widow, and stepmother of the Halstead girls
HANNAH MARY BARNES, or "Sis," a maiden lady who keeps house for her brother
DWIGHT BRADLEY, a fortune hunter and Mrs. Halstead's son by a former marriage.....
DR. BURTON, a young physician.....
SAMMY, the darkey bell-boy in the Halstead house.....
ABRAHAM BARNES, or "Bub," a yankee farmer, still unmarried at forty—a diamond in the rough.....
ATTORNEY; SHERIFF

Time of playing, two hours.

Two interior scenes. Modern costumes.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

Act 1. Parlor of the Halstead home. The young doctor. The three girls plot to make his acquaintance. An affection of the heart. "Easy to fool a young doctor," but not so easy after all. The stepmother and her son. The stolen diamonds. The missing will. Plot to win Bernice. "I would not marry Dwight Bradley for all the wealth the world contains." Driven from home.

Act 2. Kitchen of the Barnes' farm house. Bub takes off his boots. The new school ma'am. "Supper's ready." "This is our nephew and he's a doctor." Recognition. A difficult problem in arithmetic. The doctor to the rescue. "I'm just the happiest girl in the world." "I've come to pop the question, an' why don't I do it?" Brother and sister. "If it's a heifer, it's teh be mine." The sheriff. Arrested for stealing the diamonds. "Let me knock yer durned head off." The jewels found in Bernice's trunk.

Act 3. Parlor of the Halstead home. "That was a lucky stroke—hiding those diamonds in her trunk." The schemer's plot miscarries. Abe and Sammy join hands. The lawyer. "Bully for her." Bradley tries to escape. "No, ye don't!" Arrested. "It means, dear, that you are to be persecuted no more." Wedding presents, and a war dance around them. "It is no trick at all to fool a young doctor."

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SIMON SMARLEY, a smooth and cunning old villain.....
.....Character heavy
MARK, his son, a promising young rascal.....Straight heavy
GORDON GRAY, a popular young artist.....Juvenile lead
UPSON ASTERBILT, an up-to-date New York dude.....
.....Character comedy
IKE, the hired man, "I want ter know!".....Eccentric
BUB GREEN, a comical young rustic.....Low comedy
BILL TAPPAN, a country constable.....Comedy
MILLICENT LEE, "the pretty school teacher".....Juvenile lady
MRS. MARTHA BUNN, a charming widow....Character comedy
TAGGS, a waif from New York.....Soubrette
Time—Mid Autumn. Place—Vermont.

Time of playing—Two hours and a quarter.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The Old Homestead. Uncle Rube arrives.
ACT II. The Constable's office. The plot to ruin Uncle Rube.
ACT III. Evening at the old farm. Uncle Rube is arrested.
ACT IV. The Constable's office again. The old farmer wins!

This play was written by one of the most popular of American dramatists, whose works have sold by the hundreds of thousands. One of the best plays of its class ever written. Splendid characters. Powerful climaxes. Bright wit. Merry humor. Very easy to produce. Requires only three scenes. No shifts of scenery during any act. Costumes all modern. No difficult properties required.

THE AUTHOR'S OPINION

MR. TOWNSEND says of this drama: "I consider that 'Uncle Rube' is far superior to any play depicting country life that I have yet written."

This is the play for everybody—amateurs as well as professionals. It can be produced on any stage, and pleases all classes, from the most critical city audiences to those of the smallest country towns. Printed directly from the author's acting copy, with all the original stage directions.

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Santiago

OR

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A War Drama in Four Acts

BY JOHN A. FRASER

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CHARACTERS

Capt. Oscar Hutton, U. S. A. In love with Cora..Leading Juvenile
 Lieut. Fisk, U. S. A. In love with his duty.....Juvenile bit
 Milton Merry, U. S. N. In love with Bess.....Light Comedy
 Lieut. Cristobal, S. A. In love with soldiering.....Straight
 Dr. Harrison, Red Cross H. S. In love with surgery.....
Straight old man
 Elmer Walton, banker. In love with Spanish bonds.....
Character old man
 Phillip Basset, his stepson. In love with Ysobel.....Juvenile
 Fernando Diaz, Walton's cashier, afterwards S. A. In love with
 Cora Heavy
 Beverly Brown, Walton's butler, afterwards Red Cross H. S. In
 love with chickens.....Negro Comedy
 Cornelius Dwyer, Walton's coachman, afterwards U. S. A. In
 love with "Naygurs".....Irish Comedy
 Antonio Carlos, a Cuban planter. In love with Spain.....
Character old man
 Cora Basset, Walton's stepdaughter. In love with Oscar..Juvenile
 Bess Walton, Walton's daughter. In love with Milton.....Ingenué
 Ysobel Carlos, Antonio's daughter. In love with Phillip....Juvenile
 American Soldiers, American Sailors, Spanish Soldiers, Guerillas.

Actual time of playing, two hours.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The ball at Walton's, Washington, D. C. Handsome interior.

ACT II. The Red Cross Hospital. First day's battle of Santiago. Exterior.

ACT III. Scene 1.—Interior Guerilla headquarters in the Sierra Cobra, near Santiago. Scene 2.—Exterior. The underbrush of Sierra Cobra. Scene 3.—Fight in the mountain pass, second day's battle of Santiago. Exterior.

ACT IV. Hotel Tacon, Santiago, on the night of the surrender. Interior.

NOTE.—Walton, Dr. Harrison and Carlos may double easily, and the piece played with nine males, three females.

The best Cuban war play ever written. Easy to produce, but very effective. Thrilling situations, fine comedy, intense climaxes. Comic Irishman and Negro. Three magnificent female parts. Picturesque Spanish villain and heroic juvenile lead. No special scenery is required, as every regular theatre, in its ordinary equipment, has every set called for. Adapted to both professional and amateur companies.

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SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS

ACT I—Drawing-room, Arlington, Washington—1860

"Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed;
Time rules us all: and life indeed is not
The thing we planned it out, ere hope was dead,
And then, we women cannot choose our lot."

In fetters—The rivals—North and South—The coy widow—A noted duelist—An old affection—The dismissal—The rivals meet—"You shall answer for this"—Farewell.

ACT II—Same Scene—1860

"Who might have been—Ah, what, I dare not think!
We are all changed. God judges for the best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest."

Broken ties—A Vassar girl's idea of matrimony—A Washington savior—Schooling a lover—Affairs of honor—The Northern create.—The missing challenge—Betrothed.

ACT III—Drawing-room in New York Hotel—1861

"With bayonets slanted in the glittering light
With solemn roll of drums,
With starlit banners rustling wings of night,
The knightly concourse comes."

To arms! To arms!—Stand by the flag—A woman's duty—A skirmish in the parlor—On to Richmond—Reunited—The passing regiment.

ACT IV—Confederate Camp at Winchester 1864

"No more shall the war cry sever, or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever, when they laurel the graves of our dead."

A cowards' armor—A hand to hand struggle—Hugh captured—Sentenced to be shot—A ministering angel—Harold King's revenge—The attack on the camp—Death of King—After the battle—Won back.

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Chapter VIII. Comedy and Character Make-ups. Comedy Effects, Wigs, Beards, Eyebrows, Noses, Lips, Pallor of Death.

Chapter IX. The Human Features. The Mouth and Lips, the Eyes and Eyelids, the Nose, the Chin, the Ear, the Teeth.

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